

# CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

DEVOTED TO DOCTRINE, MORALITY, LITERATURE, AND RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE

WE ARE AMBASSADORS FOR CHRIST... BE YE RECONCILED TO GOD.

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## CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

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REMARKS

ON THE

JOY OF HEAVEN OVER THE SINNER THAT REPENTETH.\*

BY REV. E. W. LOVELAND.

To the one who is earnestly cultivating his noblest powers, tuning the heart and conscience to the voice and precept of Christ; as he opens the New Testament to approach his divine Master, he will not be less interested in the imagery and illustrations used there, to make virtue attractive and vice ignoble. Christ speaks to the multitude, and nature speaks also, and seemingly, the universe throws in its natural testimony to give his words confirmation. And so will seem every revelation from above, true to nature and God. Truth has upon it the seal of the Everlasting, its echo and response throughout the universe is the same. Christ speaking without sin, was a voice finding its sympathy in Heaven and everywhere, except in the hearts of depraved men. Each of the verses referred to in this chapter, is preceded by a parable; the first of the lost sheep, the other of the woman having ten pieces of silver; both illustrating the same, familiarly telling us of the joy of Heaven at the return of the lost, linking earth with heaven by the affinity of religious sensibilities. The joys of heaven may be illustrated by our joys; for heaven may be considered as an enlargement of all the true and noble we know of on earth. Christ brings the pure thought and emotion from the unseen, seemingly for a moment lifts the veil, to give us plodding here below, the truest encouragement. In those hours of the spirit, when more free from the perishable around, by its quest for divine truth, it can gaze at the future, and feel its joy and sympathy with as much certainty as the eye of sense views the objects of this life; it has arrived at that spiritual height where sin and temptation is not likely to ruffle its peaceful tranquillity. It is the association with spirits heaven-born—our noblest destiny hereafter, commencing its felicity now. Christ has left no voice from above and around to go out to waste, that would prompt to a holier life, but has brought them here, sounding on the earth, to be heard by all who have ears to hear. He has laid the mistakes and the deformed sins of the past before us; our devotion to the perishable; our desire to reinstate the drooping outward frame, to the neglect of the inner man, made in the image of heaven, and destined for immortality. No inducement is left untouched to inspire us with the realities of the soul's riches, and to warn us not to distract its

capabilities and powers on insignificant and unworthy objects here. The realities of death, of the immortality of the spirit are approaching. And the growth of the soul in virtue is of so great consequence and importance, that if one, of all the vast number of the children of men, leaves wrong doing and returns to God, there is joy in the presence of the angels.

There is joy in heaven when the highest good of man is promoted. The birth of Christ was heralded by the songs of angels, whose chantings were glory to God in the highest. This rapture of praise was because this event was a herald of peace on earth, and good will among men. The legacy of peace and love is left, and whenever the soul is quickened by its voice there is joy in heaven.

It will be our aim to present a few reflections on this incitement to virtue. As Christ has revealed the joy of heaven at the return of the impenitent, a few meditations from this pure source would contribute to spiritual strength.

We know, then, in our struggles on earth for virtue and God, we have the sympathy of heaven. Heaven has its treasures, and so has the earth. I mean by earthly treasures, those which are confined exclusively here; the ornaments of outward life, which we leave behind us when we go hence. Heaven's treasures are imperishable, everlasting as God, without waning, always above points of valuation. The treasures of the world are all those things which feast the eye of sense, the gaudy colors and dazzling appearances that float about to entice mankind. The treasures of heaven are revealed to the spiritual and single eye only. It is the immortal spirit perfecting itself in truth and love, the image of God reclaimed. Heaven's treasures have a likeness to God. All who approach nearer the everlasting and primal source of light, have something of heaven above, and are more similar to the Eternal. Heaven's interest in its treasures is lasting; having a strength far beyond our computation—far beyond the strongest interest we may have in worldly things. The immortal spirit is the treasure of heaven, left here, not to rust by the corroding cares of mortality, but to become God-like through its perils. But heaven cannot receive this treasure until, through its own efforts, it has reached heaven's love. Heaven is but anxious to receive its own; she sorrows when we, through temptation, fall lower than we are, and joys when we have approached her in triumph over some enticement of the world. Heaven's sympathy is always with us in our service of pure worship, in our adherence to duty, and our high efforts to become more Christ-like. What an estrangement from heaven's affection and love, when, through the exercise of free-will, we recede to that which is opposed and opposite; when the sympathy from spirits made perfect is checked here, because there is no striving for what is above; when looking through a glass held towards objects of earth, the gaze to the skies is made obscure and dim. In hardships here for the sake of Christ; in our strifes and our falls; in our hopes and disappointments; search for truth, and fever of uncertainty; when superstition threatens, and the passions raise their force; when we meet not one of our kind here, in



whom we can repose the mutual trust, having alike hopes for heavenly heights, we can rest assured of sympathy from pure spirits in the unseen world. And if it should happen that there is nought about us but what menaces our higher culture, we need not recoil back to the dark way, but—though in grief and tears for the darkness that would hold us back—continue on, and not permit the joy in heaven for our first growth, to return to sorrow for hardened sin. If we heed not what light we have, and, seeing the infinity beyond, recoil to earthly ways and habits again, our last state is much worse than the first. And may we not, casting ourselves aloof from the strifes and heats of many engagements with evil, in which we hardly conquer, mutually interchange our attachment for the sympathy of holy spirits, and thus, in blessed conference with the highest virtue, reflect upon our doubts of virtue's rewards, of the checks and hindrances which stay the soul's highest resolves, and thus gathering new freshness as from victory, commence our way with firmer purpose. If we have any severe struggle of soul with tempting inducements, and get released in the pure sphere of heaven's sympathy and affection, memory will keep before us the late source of our peace, and we shall have a new helmet and shield to fight with, and a heart tuned at all times to approach God with a pure service. To live and promote Christ's cause, we need not continually recur back to his days in Palestine, where he sorrowed for sins, and was joyous at the obedience to the will of his Father, but think that he is now—speaking after our own manner—grieving for our impenitence, and with gladsome heart when we turn from wrong doing.

Thus can we, if we will, keep God, and Christ, and angels, and the just made perfect in our thoughts, for our encouragement, for preparing the soul for a higher walk, and making it strong against any danger that may assail it. We have Christ's word respecting the sympathy and affection of heaven; will we remain in doubt respecting it? Let us, rather, flee to this broad shield for protection and security.

The joy of heaven over the repentant sinner! It will be recollected that the interest of heaven is here peculiarly expressed. Over one that repenteth there is more joy than over ninety and nine already perfect. Then, in conclusion, whatever may be our respective conditions, let us forget the world long enough to meditate on the sympathy and affection of heaven, of God and angels, for our supremest good. Let us never be contented to sink down to a quiet, thinking we are pure enough for the world we live in; for, however much our noblest powers may have been cultivated, we are only in our infancy in view of realms beyond. Keeping in view the affection of heaven, our immortal destiny, our capability of everlasting progression, let us be ready for any new work of duty that God shall appoint; and when heaven shall call for its treasures, we shall have some virtue known and revered for its high value and loveliness.

Hartland, February, 1849.

#### FIVE YEARS' RESIDENCE IN NEW-LONDON, CONN. NUMBER VIII.

BY REV. T. J. GREENWOOD.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—In my last, I gave intimation that I should speak somewhat particularly of the character of Elder Swan, as a Religionist, and also advert to some incidents in his career, while in New London.

I may remark, in the outset of this work, that, were it not for some anomalous traits of character which he seems to possess, it would be sufficient for me to say, that he is one of the few fanatical individuals, who in years past have been endured by the community, in the name and professed character of religious Revivalists—

himself, perhaps, the most prominent, in some respects, though unquestionably far less profligate in morals than most of them have proved themselves to be. He has, undoubtedly, produced great excitement in communities, and perhaps may again, where he is not known, nor his *modus operandi* understood. But, in order for him to do this, it is not necessary to suppose him either a great, or talented man, in the true sense of those terms; for, in fact, he is far from being either. For, taking his public performances on different occasions as a criterion, he most certainly lacks greatly in reasoning and logical powers, and seems hardly capable of pursuing an argument beyond the first step in its connection. I have heard him repeatedly, as for instance in a Temperance lecture, lay down a postulate of considerable strength, on which to raise an argument, and proceeding just far enough to lead the hearer to suppose he had started on a train of powerful thought and reasoning, he would abruptly break away from all logical connection, and run immediately into a strain of the wildest and most extravagant rant imaginable; covering his retreat from an attempt at argument, by a flight of the wildest and most incoherent declamation; or uttering the most daring and startling expressions, as if purposely to see how near he could approach to the confines of *bold profanity*, without feeling self-convicted of its perpetration. And so he would bound on, from point to point, rising in voice and gesticulation, as argument failed him,—for all the world like a *mad elephant* broke loose from its keepers! Sometimes he attempts the *ad captandum vulgus* style, by the utterance of a very coarse jest or witticism, which falls upon the nerves like the shock of a very well-charged galvanic battery. It is, however, chiefly on religious subjects that he seems to throw the reins loose upon the neck of reason, and suffer language to run riot, like a *wild bison* over the western prairies. Here there seems absolutely no bounds to the lengths to which his foaming imagination carries him; and no phrase that is irreverent, wild, or extravagant, on which he will not seize, to give vent to the boiling cauldron of heterogeneous thoughts that seem struggling within. Indeed, a better description of the man I never heard, than was given in a single sentence, by a friend who heard him give a Temperance address, when asked what he thought of him. "Why," replied he, "the man is so *promiscuous* it is almost impossible to define him." There is the true philosophy of the man and his mind, so far as relates to his public discourses. If the *rationale* of his mind be, that on religious subjects he is mad, there certainly is no "method in his madness;" and I have often, while noting his movements, and listening to the recital of his strange, and even monstrous expressions in the pulpit, been pained by the overpowering thought that on the subject of religion he is a *monomaniac*. For, while in the desk he will frequently utter language which causes the refined and sober mind to shudder at its semblance to blasphemy,—while often his pulpit language is such that, repeated in the street, it would be deemed shocking profanity; and the language of his prayers even, coarse vulgarity, or seeming attempts at pot-house wit in his expressions—he is, out of the desk, and away from the subject of religion, apparently a *different man*. Still, if reports from even his friends are true, there is no great lack of the ingredient of *hyperbole* in which for him to dress his earnest thoughts, on any occasion, as could be very easily shown on the testimony of those who have heard him. And while a tolerably practised phrenologist, or even physiognomist, would have not the least difficulty in discovering, at a glance, that *destructiveness* is most amply developed, and excited would lead his mind to indulge in wrathful thoughts; and while in public discourse he has so far manifested it in speaking on the subject of capital punishment, as to declare that,



if he had a *son* guilty of murder, and the law should seize him, he would say, "give him hemp! stretch him up!" and would shout amen, at the act; still, strange as it may seem, there is a counter-current in the flow of his feelings; and away from the excitement which makes him, as a preacher, all he is, he is reputed, and I have reason to believe justly, as a kind and indulgent father, an obliging neighbor, and a generous friend. And all this *in spite* of his religious errors and extravagance, in spite of his excitability on the subject, and in spite of the often bitter and burning words that, in the professed name of the "Prince of Peace," have rolled like a volume of red hot lava from his lips! As an illustration of this, and in order to show how a vein of kindness in the human soul, even to the lower order of animals, can underlie the black and wrathful crust of cruelty which creed-worship has formed, I will relate a circumstance detailed to me by an eye-witness.

On a very cold, bleak day in mid-winter, a dove, in alighting on a tree near the residence of Mr. S., became entangled in the strings of a kite that had lodged in the branches, and was unable to extricate itself. The Elder, on observing this, went out, and fastening his pocket-knife to a long pole, labored for a considerable time to liberate the prisoner, but without effect. At length, patience being weary of the effort, while the wind was most piercing cold, he divested himself of his outer garment, and actually climbed up the elm sufficiently far to effect his object, and let the bird go free! In the light of this act, I bless God for the conviction, that even after all the thundering of wrath and revenge, which, in the name of creeds, the Elder has poured out upon the heads of mortals, if *he* possessed the power of the Almighty, backed by the little of the milk of human kindness that flows around his heart, the world of man would be held to a far better destiny than that for which he looks. And to this conclusion, I have no doubt that with the emphasis of a commendable earnest spirit, the Elder himself would shout "Amen."

Dover, N. H., March, 1849.

#### Original.

### THE USE OF ERROR.

BY REV. J. B. SAX.

God permits error to be believed in the world. He could have prevented it. Why did he not? We say, because he designed to work out good by its agency; because by this means he will be enabled to produce a better system of good, than would have been possible without it. Hence, infinite benevolence demanded its permission.

I do not say positively that there will ever be a greater absolute *amount* of good, or happiness in the universe because of error,—but there will certainly be various and diversified *forms* and *kinds* of these, which could never have existed without its agency. Perhaps no *higher* kinds, but *different* kinds. And this is a great matter. Consider how highly the Supreme Being values *variety* and *diversity*. No two things in the universe are precisely alike. No two men are alike, even in moral character. Jehovah might just as well have made every living being a noble and happy *man*, as to have made some beasts and reptiles and worms. But he chose *variety* before everything else, because he saw that it was best. By permitting error to grow, that ungodly plant,—and we might say the same of sin,—Jehovah is enabled to work out new forms of good, and varieties of happiness, and diversified kinds of enjoyment, which could not have been secured without this agency. This is the great end to be obtained; hence evil is permitted. But it is in and by its destruction only that it is to pro-

duce this desirable result; hence error, and all evil is to be finally abolished. Like the burning tares, the ashes of which go to enrich the field, and promote the growth of wheat,—so error, when destroyed, will become the nutriment of good, and contribute to the variety and perfection of the moral world.

For instance; if the false dogma of endless wo had never been believed,—who could have possessed that particular form of good, enjoyed by those who have been converted from that withering and soul-chilling belief, to the glorious faith of universal restitution and salvation? Who could have prized so highly, and enjoyed so exquisitely its life-giving glories, as do those who have gone for years with their souls bowed down before a paralyzing terror? It has often been said that a person does not know how to prize and enjoy health, unless he has been sick. Might we not, with more propriety, say that one cannot prize or enjoy the blessed light of Gospel truth, who has never groped in the thick moral darkness of modern *Erebus*—*partialism*? What one can relish the sweet water of salvation, or the bread of God, who has never quaffed the fiery draughts of orthodox theology, and reeled and staggered with a moral drunkenness under their intoxicating effects? or who has never inflamed his spiritual hunger by feeding upon the bitter, unsatisfying husks of error? To whom can the warming rays of the sun of life and truth, of light and glory, be so cheering, as to him who has been nearly frozen to death by the frigid blasts of that moral winter—the doctrine of endless hell torments? Who can breathe the pure air of God's moral heaven with such exquisite delight as he who has been all his life confined in a dark spiritual dungeon? Upon whom does the light of God's paternal smile rest so happily, and shine so brightly, as upon him who has trembled all his life before the frown of a demon! Upon whose ear does the heavenly music of the *good news unto all people* fall so sweetly and so charmingly, as upon his who has been stunned for years with the wailings of devils and damned souls in an imaginary hell!

Now I am not going to maintain that the happiness of him who was once a *partialist* is *greater* than of him who has always been a *universalist*—or that his enjoyment is of a higher order; any more than I shall maintain the same thing with regard to the person who has once been an *invalid*, as compared with one who has always been in perfect health. This cannot be maintained, for it is not true; but this much is certain: the enjoyment of the recovered invalid is of a very different *kind*, from that of him who has always been well; and the happiness of the converted partialist is of a totally different character from that of the other supposed. Hence we see that the permission of error tends to produce, and will produce, and in some cases actually *does* produce, even in time, new and various *forms* of good, and varieties and diversities of character in enjoyment, which could not have been secured without such agency. This is the very thing of all others which the Deity wishes to produce. Hence he permits the plants of error to grow; and when they are destroyed, as they all shall be in God's own time, they will become the seeds of new truths; or, at least, they will administer to the development, and growth, and variety of new forms and kinds of good and happiness, which would not have been possible without them.

But error, to produce this result, must be destroyed; it cannot, therefore, abide forever: but the word of our God shall abide forever. Error must fall; fall to rise no more.

"Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again,

The eternal years of God are hers;

But error, wounded, writhes in pain,

And dies amid her worshippers."

All cruel and ungodly doctrines must have an end,



The doctrine of endless misery is one of them. It is opposed to the very nature of God. God is good; endless misery is evil. It is a doctrine not taught in the Bible, but principles utterly opposed to it are asserted in that blessed book. The laborers are in the field rooting up the error. They work unceasingly from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same! It shall die root and branch. This shall be the fate of all error; while truth shall flourish as a green bay-tree, in immortal bloom, until its spreading branches shall overshadow the universe, and yield its precious fruits to all the descendants of Adam. Nothing shall check its growth. Even destroyed error shall, in the admirable economy of God, be converted into its nutriment.

*Aurora, Feb. 26, 1849.*

Original.

### ONWARD.

BY MISS JULIA G. BARKER.

Onward, onward for the truth,  
Dark may be the way,  
Yet, through darkness, thou shalt see  
Glimmerings of the day.

Onward, onward, strive to win  
Conquest for the right,  
And, though gloom be round thee now,  
Soon shall come the light.

Onward, onward, summon faith  
To thy work of love;  
Upward lift thy trusting heart,  
Unto God above.

He shall guide thee on thy way,  
Though 'tis sad with sorrow,  
And though dark the clouds to-day,  
Fair shall be the morrow.

*Boston, Mass., Feb., 1849.*

Original.

### THE REWARD OF FAITH.

BY REV. J. W. DENNIS.

Joy, peace, and comfort is the reward of faith. And again, the reward of faith is *success*. To illustrate: We are about accomplishing a piece of work. It is difficult to perform. But we believe it can be done; we have confidence in the means we are using; we have confidence in our own abilities to perform it. This confidence leads us to labor diligently to accomplish it. We succeed. Our success is the reward of that confidence or *faith*.

In achieving the liberties of our country, Washington had a faith to believe it could be done. But had he not had this faith, had he doubted when reverses came, had he faltered for one moment, American freedom might never have been achieved. But he had a confidence in the justness of his cause, and a firm trust reposed in his countrymen. And, amid the darkest days of that eventful struggle, he calmly trusted on. His faith left him not, until he saw his country take her proud station among the nations of the earth. His *success* was his reward.

Now, we profess a faith in Christianity. We believe in the power of its simple *truths*, its *principles* of love and benevolence, to overcome the evil of the world. We believe them to be more powerful to effect this end, than any other means that can be used. And having this faith

in Christianity, it prompts us to labor for its promulgation. And the more we cherish a faith in its principles, the greater will be our desire to labor to carry them out, and the greater will be our success. But if we have little faith in them, we shall labor but little; consequently our success will be small. Christianity is destined, ultimately, to do away with evil in the world, and establish peace and happiness among men. But the success of Christianity will only be in proportion to the faith the world has in it. If men have but little faith in it, its progress will be but slow. But if they have a strong and sure confidence in it, its progress must be rapid. This is according to the promise, "According to your faith be it unto you." If ye have little faith, ye shall have little success. But if ye have *great faith*, ye shall have *great success*.

*New London, March, 1849.*

Original.

### PRACTICAL REALITY.

An article appeared in the Ambassador of the 3d ult., headed "Instructive Vision," in which the example of an aged layman was commended, who taught a Bible class in Br. Chapin's Sabbath School. Surely his example is worthy of commendation. While on a visit, lately, to Philadelphia, being at the Sabbath School attached to the Lombard-street church; I noticed that A. C. T., the writer of "Instructive Vision," was the leader or superintendent of the School, taking a deep interest in everything pertaining to its welfare. This I call practical reality. The example of the preacher, and the interest he manifests for the Sabbath School, *will* be followed by his parishioners. Would that more of our ministers would take a deep practical interest in the Sabbath School, and whenever they visit a strange congregation, make it a practice to go into the School, as well as into the church.

*Newark, N. J.*

Original.

### A SINGULAR OBJECTION.

In the first series of letters to Bishop Hughes, by Kirwan, at the 13th page, we have the following anecdote related, and represented as an objection to the Catholic faith, of so much force as to induce the author to have some misgivings as to the truth of the system of religious faith advocated by the adherents of that branch of the Christian church. But our intellect is somewhat more obtuse than that of the author of those letters, or there is no force in point, against that faith or any other. Here is the anecdote:

"There resided, not far from my parental residence, a priest, whose fame as a miracle-worker was known all over the country in which he lived. The road to his house, (called in that country a bridle road,) went by our door. I frequently saw, in the morning, individuals riding by, with a little keg resting before them on the saddle, or a jug hanging by the horse's side. I often asked who they were, and where they were going? I was told that they were going to Father C.'s to get some of their sick cured. I asked, what was in the keg or jug? I was told that it was Irish whiskey to pay the priest for his cures. I asked why they went so early in the morning? I was answered that unless they went in the morning they would not find him sober."

Now we cannot, for the life of us see what bearing this has against the Catholic faith. If true, it proves one thing; and *only* one thing. It is good evidence that Father C. was a bad man; and farther than this it has no possible force. Had the author carried it one degree farther and shown that Father C. was in the habit of getting drunk on the Catholic religion, he would have



gained his cause. As it is, the objection amounts to nothing, and could easily be turned against his own church.

Show that it is one's faith that produces a certain trait of conduct; then show that the conduct is bad; and from these two premises there comes a just conclusion—that the faith is bad. Otherwise it is of no possible moment, and it will be long ere one will be convinced of his errors by such a course of argument.

S. J. G.

## Foreign Correspondence.

LETTER—NO. XXXIV.

PARIS, Sept. 25, 1848.

Marseilles is a very fine city. It has an excellent and remarkably safe harbor, which is well filled with foreign and coasting vessels. It is the gateway of the south of France, through which a vast amount of business passes. The streets are wide, tolerably neat and regular, and what is a great comfort, have sidewalks for pedestrians, and there is a fair proportion of good public buildings, stores, and dwellings. Compared with the cities of Italy, it is a very decent, active, business-like, smart town. Back of it, towards the mountains is a beautiful basin of fine land studded with pleasant villas, embowered in orchards of olives, figs, and vineyards, nearly surrounded by a line of chalk-white hills. It must be a delightful place for a winter residence. At this season all vegetation is burned up with the long drought and hot sun, except here and there a small patch, kept green by irrigation from the little streams led over the plains from the mountains. These fields presented to us a most delightful attraction, after having been traveling for weeks in red, sunburnt countries, where scarce a green thing was to be seen.

We landed without any trouble about passports or baggage, thanks to the small quantity. Those who had trunks were subjected to some delay, but not much trouble. Honest poor men are not much troubled at Custom-houses. We were soon beset by hosts of runners for the hotels and different lines of stages, who can lie faster about one another than the same important class of annoyances in our own country, inasmuch as a Frenchman can talk faster than an American. We had some sport with these nuisances, and finally agreed on our route, time, price, &c., and put up at the Hotel Paradise—a very comfortable place.

We left Marseilles at eight in the morning, by diligence, which carried us to the upper part of the city, where our coach was lifted off the wheels, with all aboard, and set upon a railroad carriage, by which we were conveyed nearly to Avignon, where we were lifted off and set upon wheels again, by which we were conveyed to Valence, where we were put on board a small steamer on the Rhone at four next morning, which carried us to Lyons the same evening.

This route is, much of the way, very pleasant and interesting. The scenery is generally romantic and agreeable. There are several old towns which are full of interest, on account of the place they occupy in the history and legends of the past. But there is wanting the freshness and neatness which indicate enterprise and general thrift. There are too many soldiers hanging about all these places, to give force and pungency to the motto we see on every public building, churches and all: "LIBERTE, EGALITE, FRATERNITE." At Avignon we saw a whole regiment of young men, just enlisted, who were taking their first lessons in the art of scientific murder, preparatory to joining the army of the Alps. No country can be truly prosperous, whose fairest sons are called from the field, the workshop, or the study, to give

their time, talents, and blood to the god of war. And I exceedingly regret that the Republic of France is assuming such a belligerent attitude. A standing army in a time of peace, is a curse to any nation. With the appliances of war at hand, the government will plunge itself into difficulties, for trifling cause, which a little forbearance might have avoided. If the spirit of Christianity was more dominant in the councils of nations, the vast outlay of means to sustain armies and navies would be devoted to the better purpose of training the young in the arts of peace, to physical and moral prosperity.

Avignon, the residence of several Popes during their "Babylonish captivity," was once a grand town. It now looks old, and a good deal dilapidated. Its streets are narrow and crooked, and the houses generally poor. There is a little brushing up about the old palace of the vice-legates, the cathedral, and the barracks. There is a very agreeable promenade along the bank, between the walls and the river, and the bridge over the Rhone is a work of considerable merit. It contains some 25,000 inhabitants, who are engaged in agriculture and the manufacture of silks. But Avignon is most celebrated for having been, for a time, the residence of Petrarch and his beautiful Laura, the story of whose loves has been celebrated the world over. The rock is still shown where the priest-poet and infatuated lover used to sit for hours and gaze at the object of his idolatry, as she walked in the garden of the palace of her father-in-law, with whom she lived outside the walls of the town. Her tomb is still to be seen in the church of the Minorites. It was not till 1791, that the Pope, in the treaty of Tolentino, ceded Avignon and Venaissin to France.

We left Avignon at two P. M., and rode to Valence, where we arrived at four, next morning. We passed several small, compact towns on the way, but none of any interest. The people all reside in towns or villages here, as in Italy and Germany. It is a rare thing to see a country residence, except it be, occasionally, some villa in the neighborhood of a large town, where some nobleman or millionaire makes his summer residence. Sometime in the course of the night we stopped *somewhere* for supper, which was said to be served up in very good style by those who partook of it, among whom were two fat Irish priests, whose "well-lined capons" indicated anything but the poverty and famine of their country, and two other young Irishmen who had been attending the Irish college at Rome, all of whom were our fellows in travel from Civita Vecchia to this place. The two former were good patterns of good living and easy consciences, the latter of Irish wit and low cunning. All helped to while away the tedium of our journey.

At Valence, which is a smart and pretty town, we were waited upon by women runners, who beset us ere we had alighted, to patronize their different restaurants and get some coffee. They were as active and urgent as the runners of hotels at our watering places in summer. We saw no men stirring at that hour of the morning. Here, as in Germany, the women are the workers. They till the soil, tend the flocks, keep the stores, and perform most of the manual labor. The men are in the army, or engaged in mechanical labor. Still, so far as we could judge, the women are less servile and degraded here than in Germany, as a general thing. They have more spirit, more cheerful faces, and greater alacrity in all their movements. They seem to be happier.

Lyons is the second city in France in commerce and population, containing near 200,000, and being the centre of extensive trade and manufactures. It is romantically situated, partly on the tongue of land formed by the junction of the Rhone and Saone, and partly on the opposite banks of these rivers, ascending far up the acclivities in the rear. Norwich, Ct., is a miniature of its



position. Three bridges cross the Rhone, which is, perhaps, two hundred yards wide, and six the Soane, which is not much over one hundred and fifty, all substantial and handsome. Both rivers are lined with elegant stone wharves, along which lay numerous boats, and on which stand rows of handsome buildings. These, and the elevated position of the rear parts of the city, make the approach to it, by the Rhone, bordered with chateaux and villas, very grand and beautiful. The interior of the city is less attractive. The streets are narrow, crooked, dark and dirty, paved with pebbles, and without sidewalks. The houses, generally, are very high, sometimes eight or nine stories, and built of stone. It has, however, numerous public squares, several of them very spacious and fine, equal to any we have seen, containing shady delightful walks. There are also several elegant public buildings; among them, the Hotel de Ville, said to be, next to Amsterdam, the finest in Europe; the hospital, the gothic cathedral, the *Palais de Justice*, museum, theatres, &c. There is here one of the best libraries in France, containing about 100,000 volumes. Great attention is paid to learning. It is the centre of an archiepiscopal see, and has a theological and medical school, several literary and scientific societies, &c. The principal business is the manufacture of silks, celebrated for their fineness and beauty, shawls, crapes, hose, gold and silver lace, artificial flowers, jewelry, glass, hats, paper books, &c. It is said that 20,000 looms are employed on silk alone. Its commerce is extensive in goods, wines, provisions, oils, soaps, &c. Everything about it bears the marks of an enterprising business town.

At Lyons we parted with our Boston companion, who returned by the way of Geneva and the Rhine. We mounted the *banquette* of the diligence at eight, A. M. The day was delightful, the scenery charming. I have not seen in all Europe, if in all my travels, a more beautiful region of country than lies along the banks of the Soane, extending inland on both sides. The gentle undulations, sweet valleys, green fields, rich vineyards, shady groves, numerous flocks, tended by shepherdesses, spinning with their distaffs, pleasant villas, and handsome women in romantic dresses. Everything is enchanting, especially to those who have been wandering in the dry regions of Italy, so dead and desolate at this season of the year. Everywhere are seen the foot-prints of activity, industry, and enterprise. The view from the summit between the Soane and the Loire, is the most beautiful, variegated, and extensive I have ever seen. The eye wanders over a rich, undulating country, thickly settled, and under excellent improvement. The Jura mountains are seen on the east, but in all other directions the vision has a boundless range. Not least attractive in the landscape are the fine forests which crown the summits of the loftiest hills, which, with the comfortable, rural dwellings, give it quite an American appearance, and show signs of a living generation.

We rode all night, and reached Bourges before noon next day, when we were lifted on to the railroad, and reached this city at dark last evening, passing through Orleans; besides which, Roanne, Moulins, and Bourges are the only towns of consequence this side of Lyons. The latter contains a fine old cathedral, is pleasantly situated, and being the present terminus of the railroad, it is made quite lively, like an old man playing at marbles. Orleans is a grand and beautiful city. We had but a single hour to look about it and of course saw but little, but enough to give us a very favorable opinion of it.

Paris is—well, I will leave it till I have seen more. But it was rather queer to us to wait at the station till we were lifted and bandied about, an officer in regimentals placed in control to look after the *Octroi* duties—a tax imposed on certain articles brought from the country

into the city,—and then to go whirling and crooking about in a brilliantly lighted city, with soldiers' tents in the open squares, and the hum, and buzz, and racket of a city like ours full of people, dashing here and there in all directions, as if intent on some object. We have seen nothing like it these many weeks. At the *Messagerie* we were set down, and after a little wrangle about a demand in payment for the transport of our baggage on the railroad, such being the custom here, we followed a lying runner into the Rue Jaquet, to a comfortable hotel, where he said they could speak English. As soon as he got us here he cleared, and we have not seen him since, leaving us to mangle French still longer. W. S. B.

## CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

NEW-YORK:

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### REV. JAMES PETRIE'S ANTIDOTE TO UNIVERSALISM.

Our readers will, no doubt, recollect that several months since, the appearance of a pamphlet bearing the above title was announced, and its general character noticed. Having accidentally found the curious thing, in adjusting our papers, we have given it a new perusal. It is indeed a singular affair, and cannot fail to confer great renown upon its author. But it will be a renown such as no scholar or theologian can desire. For loss of its propositions, illogical reasoning, ignorant assumptions and stupid expositions of Scripture, it has hardly its equal. In proof of this let us look first, at its main position. The author says:

"The proposition which we would lay down and prove, is this: All who do not repent of their sins, and by faith embrace the Lord Jesus Christ in this world, shall be punished eternally in the world to come."

Does Mr. Petrie believe this? Does he believe that God requires of men faith in Christ, if situated where they have no chance to know anything of him? There are millions who have never heard of such a being as Christ; and from absolute necessity they must die without faith in him. If such are damned, it will be for unavoidable unbelief, unbelief for which they are no more to blame than they are for having been born in a heathen land! Will he ascribe to God such injustice, such shameless cruelty? If I thought God capable of treating any of his creatures thus, I should regard him as the worst being in the universe; and wholly unworthy of love or praise. God might as well damn a man for being born blind as for being born a heathen.

The first argument adduced to sustain his absurd proposition is thus stated:

"All those passages which speak of repentance and faith as necessary to salvation. Take the following as examples: Luke, 13: 3; 'Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish.' 24: 47; That repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his (Jesus') name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem."

From this sample of his proof texts, it will be seen that he does not teach the point he attempts to establish. To prove that repentance and faith are necessary to salvation is doing nothing towards proving that unless a man repents and believes in Christ in this world, he will be punished eternally in the world to come. He must prove, in order to establish his position, that there can be no change after death. But this he assumes. Hear him:



"Now, the argument is this: repentance is necessary to forgiveness—forgiveness necessary to salvation; consequently where there is no repentance there is no pardon of sin, and where there is no pardon of sin there can be no salvation. In other words, multitudes never repent, but die in their sins; they cannot, therefore, inherit the kingdom of God; they must be punished; and as there is no repentance after death, and as they will continue to sin forever, they will be punished forever."

Here, you see, that he assumes the very point in dispute—and as there is no repentance after death. How does he know this? Where did he prove it? Where has he even attempted to prove it? Nowhere under this head; and consequently his first argument rests upon an assumption.

His second proof of his main position is thus stated:

"Those passages which point out the consequences of rejecting the Gospel. Prov. 29: 1; 'He that being often reprov'd, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy.' 1 Cor., 1: 18; 'The preaching of the cross is to them that perish foolishness,' &c.; 16: 22; 'If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema maran-atha,' i. e. accursed when the Lord comes. 2 Cor. 2: 16; 'To the one we are the savour of death unto death, and to the other the savour of life unto life.'"

Here nothing is proved. He quotes and refers to numerous texts; but he gives not one argument to show that the consequence of rejecting the Gospel is endless misery. He quotes the texts which speak of everlasting punishment, but he does not attempt to prove that it means endless! That there is a punishment for wicked men, Universalists have no doubt. The question on which we differ from the believer in endless misery, is this, *Is punishment endless?* Mr. Petrie merely shows that wicked men are punished, and thus does nothing to sustain his theory. The words *destroy, perish, &c.*, prove nothing, for good men are destroyed and perish.

His third proof is equally fallacious:

"Those passages which limit preparation for heaven to this life. Isa. 55: 6, 7; 'Seek ye the Lord while he may be found. Call ye upon him while he is near,' &c. 2 Cor. 6: 1, 2; 'Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation.' John, 9: 4; 'The night cometh when no man can work.' Rev. 22: 11; 'He that is unjust let him be unjust still; and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still.'"

There was a time when God could have been found by the Jewish nation; when he was near to it; but they would not improve their opportunity, and consequently they were cut off. To this Isaiah refers. The accepted time—the day of salvation, is not the period of human life, but of the Gospel dispensation. The night when no man can work is the night of the grave, in which Solomon says, there is no work, device nor knowledge. If there is no knowledge, there certainly can be no misery. The text which speaks of the unjust, &c., affords no proof that a moral change cannot be experienced in the future world by the wicked; for no evidence is given that it relates to the future world.

Such is a specimen of Mr. Petrie's proofs. Not one of them bears at all upon his main position. Under his fourth head he quotes texts to prove that *some* sinners shall not inherit the kingdom of God. He might have gone farther. *We* say that *no* sinners will inherit the kingdom. And so Paul said. But then he immediately added, *And such were some of you*, which shows that he meant, they could not enter it in a state of sin. Under his fifth head, Mr. P. brings forward passages which speak of the final state of men in contrast. Here again he builds his argument upon an assumption. He does not prove that his texts refer even to the future world, much less to the final state of man. I say he does not prove this. I ought, perhaps, to inform the reader that he very gravely says: "No other state

can succeed that which is final." Under the sixth head Mr. P. has collected a list of passages which manifestly imply that punishment is endless! This is powerful. In our opinion they *manifestly* imply nothing of the kind, for hell is to be destroyed, and all men are to be made immortal. His seventh proof is designed to show that punishment is endless. His proof is drawn wholly from *aion* and *aionios*, the latter of which he says is sometimes used *improperly* for a limited duration! Indeed Mr. Petrie! Then you teach Jesus and the Apostles do you? Used *improperly* is it? How do we know that in the texts in which Mr. P. says *aionios* means endless, it may not be used to signify limited duration? That it is sometimes so used he grants; and he gives us no rule by which to show when it is endless. His last argument is, that the Bible doctrine of the resurrection overthrows Universalism; and he quotes Dan. 12: 2, as proof, a text which every decent expositor of the Bible long since ceased to apply to the future state. He also quotes John 5: 28, 29, the context of which clearly shows to have been wholly misapplied. His other texts are either garbled quotations or misrepresentations. Paul's account of the resurrection which is the fullest contained in the Bible, he has *omitted*!

We have seen many weak productions against Universalism, but it is long since we have seen one so weak as the pamphlet before us. Its arguments all fail of touching the real point which was to be established. We advise Mr. Petrie to read his Bible more, and to seek diligently for the truth. Though not possessed of great discrimination, he has enough to see the difference between assumption and argument, logic and sophistry. He wrote, no doubt, to prevent inquiry, not to lead his people to a full examination of the doctrine he opposed. But inquiry can not be prevented; and a thousand such antidotes as the one Mr. P. has furnished, would do nothing to prevent the spread of our glorious faith.

O. A. S.

#### THE ADVANTAGE OF MILD OVER VINDICTIVE PUNISHMENT.

By the Report of the Inspectors of the State Prisons, made to the Senate, we are made acquainted with some valuable facts touching the salutary influence of a mild course of treatment towards that unfortunate class of our fellow-men who have been overcome by temptation, and committed crimes made punishable by our laws, in the Penitentiary, for a term of years. It has long been contended by the more humane and liberal, that severity of punishments, instead of producing reformation, prevents it; that more good could be done to the criminal in reclaiming him from his evil course, by mild treatment, by dispensing with the lash entirely, and substituting therefor some more rational and humane punishment. The following extract is a complete vindication of the practicability and vast superiority of the measures we have long advocated, as tested by the first experiment, and under many adverse difficulties:

"The Inspectors of the State Prisons entered upon their duties with a determination to give a mild system of discipline, without the infliction of blows, a full and fair trial. To this they were not only disposed by motives of humanity, but impelled by the unequivocal voice of public opinion, and bound by the prohibitory clause of the law before referred to. Though entering upon the 'experiment' with a 'new set of officers' in charge of the prisons, they rejoice to be able to say, after the experience of one year, that it has proved entirely successful. Disobedience and disorder have not resulted from the discontinuance of the use of the cat. Lashes are not necessary to the good government of our prisons. It is believed that in neither of our State Prisons has the discipline been relaxed; but, on the contrary, exhibits an evident improvement. Men labor more cheerfully, perform a greater amount of work, less frequently violate the rules, and become more humanized rather than brutalized in their feelings, while the necessity for inflicting punish-



ment at all becomes greatly diminished. At Sing Sing prison, during the months of January to November, inclusive, of the present year, the total number of punishments was 351. During the same months of 1847 it was 732; showing a diminution of 381—considerably over one half. At Auburn, from Jan. 12 to Dec. 1, 1848, the total number of punishments was 282. We can find no records of previous years with which to make a comparison."

What will the sticklers for the old law of vengeance and retaliation, for the lash and the gallows, say to this? Will they still object and call it a 'sickly sentimentality,' which seeks to soften the severity of punishment, till it shall savor of kindness mixed with justice, and applied to call back the offender to penitence and reformation. Such punishments are retained. Will they now say the experiment is unsafe, and foolish? We shall be glad to know their opinions on this triumphant vindication of the practical value of the principles for which we have long, and earnestly contended. This point achieved, we now hope our legislators will be willing to keep on in the good work, "growing in grace" till they take down the old gallows, and remove the last vestige of human vengeance.

Will they longer hesitate? Why then delay so good a work? Why not wipe out the stain of blood at once and forever from the statute books and courts of law in our State? Why not take high ground and carry out and apply the sublime principles of Christianity, and no longer render evil for evil, but "overcome evil with good?"

There is another fact brought out in this report which deserves some consideration from those who are forever harping upon the degeneracy of our times—the growing depravity of the world. We refer to the following statement:

"The total number of convicts in the State prisons of this State, appears to be gradually becoming reduced.

Number in Auburn prison	Dec. 1, 1847,	was	307	
"	Dec. 1, 1848,	"	452	less 55
Sing Sing	Dec. 1, 1847,	"	682	
"	Dec. 1, 1848,	"	611	" 71
" Female	Dec. 1, 1847,	"	89	
"	Dec. 1, 1848,	"	83	" 6
				132
Clinton prison,	Dec. 1, 1847,	"	146	
"	Dec. 1, 1848,	"	163	inc. 17
Total reduction in one year,				115

Whether this reduction be attributed to an improved morality in the State, or other causes—unless it be an increased laxness in the administration of justice—it is a cause of gratulation."

We commend these facts to the public, hoping they will receive the attention they deserve, and stimulate all the friends of true Christian reforms to keep steadily and zealously at work. God is doing great things in our day, whereof we are glad. Let his name be praised, and his commands obeyed. w. s. b.

#### TERMS OF CHRISTIAN BROTHERHOOD.

We have been greatly pleased with the following paragraph, from Lieut. Lynch, commander of the Expedition sent by our Government to explore the Dead Sea. He says:

"On the coast of Moab, we were greeted by a deputation of Christians from Kerak, the Kirjath Moab of the Bible. The joy of this people at meeting us was unbounded. We told them our forms of worship in America differed from their own. 'What matters that? Christ died for all. Do you not believe in him?' When we assured them that we did, they said, 'Then what are forms before God?' He looks at the heart. We are brothers." And brothers they continued to call us to the last. They number about 150 families, and live in the only town now left in the once populous country of Moab. These poor Christians are much tyrannized over by their Moslem neighbors."

What a blessed and irresistible influence for good the church

would have if no other terms of fellowship were insisted on, than those simple Christians acknowledged: "Christ died for all. Do you believe in him? We are brothers." How expressive! How pure! How Christ-like! What a lesson for "Evangelical" and "Orthodox" Professors who live under circumstances vastly more favorable to a growth in knowledge and grace, and yet come far short of the true standard of Christian fellowship. The conduct of these Christians reminds us forcibly of the interview between Philip and the Ethiopian. "See, here is water, what doth hinder me to be baptized?" Phillip said, "If thou believest with all thine heart thou mayest. I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God. And they went down both into the water, and he baptized him."

When will the Churches return to the primitive simplicity and goodness of Christianity, and do the work God has commanded them; and leave off wrangling about forms of worship, and modes of faith? We pray God to hasten the time. w. s. b.

#### THE SAFE SIDE—TWO CHANCES.

[CONCLUDED.]

IV. On the ground assumed by our Partialist brethren in the interpretation of the parable of the sheep and goats, in the 25th of Matthew, that it relates to the final, fixed and eternal destiny of mankind—that a part are to be welcomed to endless beatitude, while the rest are doomed to ceaseless torments—we cannot see that they have any better chance than we, or the least possible advantage over us. For the language of the judge to those whom he welcomed to his glory is not, "come ye blessed, &c., for ye believed in the doctrine of particular election and reprobation from all eternity; or ye believed that salvation was of works and men's eternal destiny turned upon the pivot of his free agency; and especially, ye believed in the *endless damnation* of a large part of the human family, whom I came to seek and save, and for whom I died on Calvary." No; such is not the language of the judge—not a word is said about their believing in Partialism, or modern Orthodoxy, or anything else. The ground of their blessedness is thus described: "For I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat, I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me; sick, and ye visited me; I was in prison, and ye came unto me." Now it will not be denied that Universalists are quite as likely and as apt to do the works above specified as are their opposing brethren of other sects. Indeed, the latter frequently admit that in these things—in works of benevolence and charity—Universalists are not a whit behind the Orthodox, and in many instances excel them; but then, to offset or neutralize this quality, they say, "Universalists have got no religion—have never met with a change of heart, and are withal very stubborn heretics." Suppose it be so, if they do the very things specified by the judge as the ground of acceptance, what better chance have their opposers to the heavenly welcome than they? Again, in sentencing the goats on the left to their doom, the judge does not say, "Depart ye cursed, &c., for ye were so wicked as to believe I was impartial in my grace, that I came to seek and save all the lost, and shall see of the travail of my soul and be satisfied—that as in Adam all die, even so in me shall all be made alive; and especially ye refused to believe that I would inflict endless torment on many for whom I tasted death." No; he brings no such charge as this. But the ground of their condemnation was, not their believing this, or disbelieving that doctrine, but their neglecting to practice those acts of mercy and benevolence specified as having been practised by the righteous. On this score



then we see no reason to suppose Universalists will fare any worse than their Partialist neighbors.

V. The objection we are now considering goes on the supposition that, for a mere mistake in *opinion*, if they happen to be mistaken—and that mistake leaning to the side of mercy and charity—God will be so angry with Universalists that he will wreak his vengeance upon them without any mercy to all eternity! Our opposers seem to imagine there is no possible danger in thinking too badly of God—in conceiving him to be a malignant, cruel and revengeful being—but the great danger lies in conceiving him to be too good, too benevolent, too merciful; and if we over-estimate these attributes in him he will be exceeding wroth and never forgive us for the mistake! Now, we should naturally suppose, if we err at all, it were safer to err on the side of charity, than on the opposite side. Our Savior never reproved his disciples for thinking too well of God, or reposing too much confidence in him; but often for having too little faith or confidence in him. “O thou of little faith! wherefore didst thou doubt?” Let us suppose two men—brothers—in their travels, to come into the dominions of a great king, a powerful sovereign, from whom they cannot escape, and they know they must spend their existence in his dominions, and be subject entirely to his control. On their way to his court they fall into the following train of reasoning and argument in relation to their probable fate and the character of their king. Says one, “I think, from everything around us and the appearance of the country and its inhabitants, the king in whose dominions we are to spend our days is a very wise, powerful and benevolent king—that he seeks the happiness of all his subjects, and by his administration will secure the true interests and best good of all; and I believe we shall be well pleased and quite happy under his reign.” “No,” says the other, “these appearances deceive you. I think he is cruel, vindictive, unmerciful—that he has his favorites on whom he will lavish all his favors; and that he will imprison, torture, beat and torment many of his subjects during their whole lives, in order to display what he is pleased to call his *sovereignty* and *justice*. But whether it is so or not, it is *safer* to believe so. If he should prove as good and beneficent a monarch as you suppose him, I am perfectly safe in entertaining these views. But if you should be mistaken and my views be correct, your case is hopeless; you are lost. The king would never forgive you for thinking him so good.” Reader, which of these opinions—that expressed by the first, or that by the last speaker—do you think would be likely to please this monarch the best? If he were a good monarch, certainly the first would please him best. And even if he were a bad one, we think he would not be pleased with the last. For bad men like to be well spoken of. So that whatever the character of the king might be, it would be quite as safe to speak well as to speak ill of him. Let us, therefore, never speak ill of the great King of kings and Lord of lords, under the vain supposition that it is *safer* to do so than it is to speak well of him. In conclusion, we would ask, is it possible for us to represent God *better* than he is? Is he not better than we can ask, or even think? D. S.

#### REV. J. H. FARNSWORTH.

Our friends in East Cambridge, Mass., have invited Br. Farnsworth, of Conn., to preach with them for several weeks. He has already been there two Sundays, and his labors have been well received. He is with the Society over which Br. W. R. G. Mellen, now of Chicopee, was settled.

#### VISIT TO NEW HAVEN.

We recently made a visit to this city for the purpose of preaching to the friends there. They have the use of a hall which will seat about 200 persons, and judging from the attendance, and the manifest interest and attention of the people, we should think that now is the time for the believers to arouse to a sense of their duty and their power, and devise means and put them into effectual operation for the support and maintenance of regular worship. We would not make invidious comparisons, but we have long thought, that the advocates of our faith in this beautiful city are as well able to have a church as they are at Bridgeport, Westport, New London, Stamford and some other places in the State of less magnitude and importance than this flourishing capital. We know that the friends of our cause here have many obstacles to encounter; we know the influence of “Old Yale” with its learned and venerable Doctors and Professors; we are aware of the popular tide that is setting against those who openly confess their belief that “God will have all men to be saved;” we are persuaded that the tone and style of the preaching in what are called the orthodox churches have become less objectionable to Universalists, than in former days. Added to this, time and change have been busy in their desolating work; some of our faith “sleep with their fathers,” some have removed to a distant region, some have united with other churches, or are content to worship in churches in which “pretty good Universalist sermons are occasionally preached” while others perhaps, have become cold and indifferent in regard to worship in any form. Under all these embarrassments and others that might be named, we believe the society could prosper, and support constant preaching and maintain public worship in New Haven. To do this, will cost something; it will require labor and personal sacrifice and perhaps as much effort and expense as other Societies have employed, which have battled with opposition, overcome discouragements, “striven together for the faith of the Gospel,” and at last been crowned with success.

There are in this place it seems to us, a sufficient number who love the worship of God in the way which some call heresy; who recognize its utility and importance and are sufficiently engaged in it to justify the belief that a spirit is now stirred up which will not faint or die away till the “worship of God in spirit and in truth” is established in this city. The Presbyterian faith and Methodist faith, &c., are considered important and valuable enough to arouse the energies of the industrious, the zeal of the wealthy and the sympathies of the poor; they are deemed of sufficient utility and consequence to call for talented preachers and commodious and costly churches.

Is there nothing in the faith of Abraham, that “in his seed all the kindreds of the earth shall be blessed;” is there nothing in the faith which looks onward and upward to the redemption and immortality of our race; is there nothing in the faith that God is our Father and Christ is the Savior of all, to inspire its advocates with ardor, and zeal and devotion? “A word to the wise is sufficient.”

B. B. H.

#### FESTIVALS.

There have been several Festivals connected with our Societies in Boston and vicinity, within a short time. There has been one in Br. J. Cook's Society, South Boston; one in Br. Skinner's Society, Warren-st., Boston; one in Cambridgeport, where Br. Eaton has just been settled; one in Chelsea, and one in Lynn. They have all been well attended, and yielded large sums of money, which has been appropriated for the benefit of the poor and the aid of Sabbath Schools.



## CLINTON LIBERAL INSTITUTE.

It is hoped that Br. Sawyer will pardon the delay which has occurred in the appearance of his article, since its insertion was postponed at the earnest solicitation of his friends in this city, and for reasons which he will, no doubt, very readily comprehend.

## TO THE UNIVERSALISTS OF THE STATE OF N. YORK.

BRETHREN :—The existence of the Clinton Liberal Institute is supposed to be well known to you. It was built, chiefly by the funds of Universalists, in 1832. Its history has been one of perpetual poverty and struggle. That it has accomplished no inconsiderable good, and that too under all the disadvantages with which it has labored, is sufficient proof that under better auspices it might become at once an ornament and a blessing to the denomination and the world.

In 1845 the friends of the Institute felt the necessity of placing it more entirely under the care and patronage of the denomination of Universalists than it had before been. It was then in a very humble condition; the Female Department had been suspended, while the Male Department was attended by only twenty-five or thirty scholars. The teachers were unknown to Universalists, and the school altogether, no longer enjoyed the confidence of the denomination. Under these circumstances a proposition was made to the State Convention, held in Cortland, May 1846, to place the Institute under the patronage of that body and the sect it represented. The proposition was favorably received, and a special committee, consisting of Revs. S. R. Smith, Pitt Morse, D. Skinner, J. T. Goodrich, and the writer, was appointed to confer with the Trustees of the Institute, and adopt such measures as might be deemed advisable. The meeting between this committee and the friends of the Institute, was held in Clinton in June following. A new Constitution was proposed and agreed upon, and the writer received an invitation to become Principal of the Institute. This invitation, as is well known, he accepted soon after, and having removed to Clinton in August, assumed at once the duties the new position demanded.

It was confidently hoped, by myself and others, that this arrangement would prove satisfactory to the denomination, and tend to secure its co-operation and confidence. The Trustees did all which their means allowed. But they were without funds, and already in debt. The Institute had considerable property, but it consisted, to a great extent, in Academy buildings, and therefore yielded no considerable revenue. Hence it was thrown almost exclusively upon its receipts for tuition, and its share of the income of the Literature Fund for its support.

But it was immediately perceived that it must labor under perpetual disadvantages. It was almost destitute of apparatus and cabinets necessary for the profitable study of the Natural Sciences. Efforts have been constantly made to interest the denomination, to supply this deficiency, and to provide a permanent fund to meet future contingencies, and make improvements as circumstances should require. As yet our efforts have been unavailing. From nearly a year's labor in soliciting relief we have not realized enough to pay the necessary repairs, and some little improvements which our circumstances demanded.

At the commencement of 1848, the Trustees employed Rev. J. H. Tuttle, to go and solicit subscriptions to a permanent fund of \$10,000. During the year he was earnestly and, perhaps it may be said, successfully engaged in this work, and obtained, by unwearied industry, subscriptions to the amount of something more than \$5,000, but during the present winter his success has been so meagre as quite to discourage him, and to induce him to abandon the undertaking.

Under these circumstances I have a few words to say. The first question which I wish you, my brethren, to answer, is, whether the *Universalists of the State of New York* need a school to be under their government and control. If they do not, this Institute should not exist, and many of my brethren and myself have not only misjudged, but I have already wasted the labor of more than three years in a fruitless and useless enterprise.

In the second place, I would respectfully inquire whether, in case we need a school at all, we do not need a good one. The day I hope has gone by when the Universalists of New York will be satisfied with a second or third rate school. We want a good one or none; and I am very frank to say for myself, that if the Institute cannot soon be placed in the first rank of schools of its class in the State, I neither wish nor will have anything more to do with it. I have labored long enough under the dis-

advantages which want of apparatus and means for improvement involve. I say this dispassionately but with *emphasis*. The Universalists of the State have abundant wealth to make the Institute everything it ought to be. If they will not employ those means, it is folly for me or others to struggle on in the vain attempt to make this school compete with those of other denominations, which take a just pride in rendering theirs worthy of public patronage.

The Presbyterians, the Methodists, the Baptists and Episcopalians, cordially unite to found and sustain schools, each sect for itself, of real merit and character. They have them scattered over the whole country. In the great State of New York the Universalists have only one school, and that I am ashamed to say is neither endowed nor patronized. I am indignant, I must confess, when I reflect on the almost utter apathy upon this subject. My cheek burns with shame when I think of our frequent boasts of superior enlightenment and liberality and of our mean and despicable performance as so clearly expressed in this school.

During my connexion with the Institute I have received repeated invitations to remove and take the charge of some of the best societies in the denomination. These invitations I have uniformly declined, under the delusive hope that the denomination of this State would yet awake to its interests and its duty. I have within the last three days rejected a very tempting offer to return to the old society which I left when I came here. It would have given me comparative ease, and many literary and social as well as pecuniary advantages. It has cost me no little sacrifice to decide as I have. But I wished to see one more effort made for the cause of education among us. It shall be my last one.

After the close of the present term, I shall devote myself to the delightful task of soliciting funds to place the Institute in an elevated and honorable position among the best Academies of the State. If this can be accomplished I shall be satisfied. If it cannot, if our friends either take no interest in it, or will give nothing to render it useful and honorable to the denomination, my connexion with it must immediately cease, and I sincerely hope in that case that the end of our disgraceful farce will be the sale of our school buildings and property, and an unbroken silence on the subject of education till we come to see and appreciate its importance, and are willing to do ourselves an honor by promoting it.

THOMAS J. SAWYER.

Clinton, Feb. 20<sup>th</sup>, 1849.

## CONFERENCE AT LITTLE FALLS.

This was an unusually interesting Conference. No meeting of the kind had ever before been held in this village, and considerable anxiety was felt by our friends as to how the project would succeed. We are pleased to have it to say that the weather was extremely favorable, the congregation the first day highly respectable, the second almost an overflowing house. A deep interest was manifested in the services throughout. There were eight clergymen present, viz: Brs. Harter, Hicks, Whitcomb, Francis, Tomlinson, Tuttle, Philleo, and Waggoner, of whom the last six preached. There was no bargain made that the ministers should praise each other's sermons; but, I must nevertheless say, that the brethren, with one or two exceptions, came in the very fullness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ. The music, led by Br. Gay, was excellent—his daughter playing the organ. The entire Choir sang with true harmony of soul, and with an elevation of spirit seldom excelled.

Undoubtedly much credit is due Br. Harter, for this interesting meeting. Probably no one else would have been able to procure the Baptist Church, in which we were privileged to meet. He made the application, and with success. He gave notice of the Conference, and managed it throughout. May he be remembered, and richly rewarded for his faithful labors.

Our friends in Little Falls, who are zealous and active, are but few; but they are entitled to much praise for their firmness in the Abrahamic faith. They are talking somewhat seriously of building a house for public worship. We hope they will not



only talk, but resolve to take hold of the good work in earnest. May they be made strong in the Lord and in the power of his might. If they cannot build a house with the means they can make up among themselves and in their own village, let them call on their religious friends in the vicinity around. There is plenty of ability there, and I presume a willingness, to aid in the accomplishment of so desirable an object.

The writer cannot close this brief notice of the above Conference, without here expressing his gratification, that he was able to be present on this occasion, where he met those with whom he had "walked to the house of God in company," long, long time ago. 'Fond memory' still 'brings the light of other days around me,'—days hallowed by association, friendship, and love,

W. H. W.

*Albany, March 7, 1849.*

### NEW LONDON.

We learn from a friend that the Universalist Church in New London has been disposed of to the Baptists, for the sum of \$12,000, and it also affords us much pleasure to learn, that the Society have secured a more eligible site than the former one, on which they will proceed to build another splendid edifice, meantime continuing their services in a very convenient Hall, which has been engaged for their use, after leaving their present place of worship, which we understand is to be on the 1st of April ensuing.

### CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

This subject, of late, seems to demand increased attention. There are several individuals now in confinement in this and in adjoining States, who are soon to be legally murdered. There are two in Troy, the day of whose execution is fixed for Tuesday, March 15th, between the hours of 8 A. M. and 4 P. M. One of these is a mere boy, and if the effort that is made to have his punishment commuted to imprisonment for life, by our executive, be unavailing, he will fall a victim to the gallows! Our Legislature has the subject of the abolition of Capital Punishment before it. Several able speeches have been made in the Senate, within a short time, in favor of the measure. The writer has preached on the question twice, before many of the members of both Houses. There is a strong feeling that the abolition should no longer be delayed. What will be done with the bill at this session, is however, still doubtful to say. If, after having it suggested for more than a quarter of a century, and being petitioned to this end for a long number of years, and after all the light that has been thrown upon it, showing the justice and humanity of the measure, our Legislature again adjourns before passing the bill, there will be good cause for complaint.

To the credit of Daniel D. Tompkins, be it said, that he was the first Governor of the State of New York, who suggested the repeal of the law inflicting Capital Punishment. And so deep were his convictions of the injustice and inexpediency of the law, and so earnestly did he desire its abrogation, that in his Annual Message of 1812, to the Legislature, he again calls attention to it. He says, "On a former occasion, I had the honor of communicating to the Legislature my ideas of Capital Punishment. I shall not therefore dwell upon that theme now, longer than to repeat, that I have always entertained serious doubts of the right of society to take life in any case, that such extreme and vindictive punishment is by no means indispensable for the preservation of the social compact, or for the peace and security of society; and that it is offensive and re-

pugnant to those sympathetic emotions, those beneficent virtues, and that refinement of policy and of reason which adorn civilized and free communities."

This is a fine paragraph—what a pity it is that it was not heeded at that time, we should then have been more than a third of a century in advance of what we are now. But though the present be still dark, let us not despair, for the shadow on the dial of humanity, though obscured by clouds, never moves backwards.

W. H. W.

*Albany, March 7, 1849.*

### MISSIONARY RESOLUTIONS.

The resolutions, passed at the Missionary meeting in Boston, were so excellent that we must lay them before our readers. We hope that they will be carefully read by all, and especially by all who have taken any interest in the Missionary cause. Read them, brethren, and act! Act promptly, vigorously, and unitedly! Act, and God will bless your labors!

*Resolved*, That while much is required of those to whom much is given, Universalists should be distinguished above all other Christians, in their endeavor to extend the blessings of the Gospel.

*Resolved*, That the successful prosecution of the Missionary enterprise depends less upon the wealth than upon the religious zeal of believers.

*Resolved*, That it is expedient that the Board of Directors cause to be prepared for gratuitous distribution, brief, pointed, gospel Tracts, fitted to answer inquiry, and lead the thoughtful to an acknowledgement of the truth.

*Resolved*, That, in order to avoid incidental evils, and to accomplish the greatest possible good, with the means we have to employ, it should be the policy of the Society to help such as strive to help themselves; and in such a way as to stimulate them to increased exertion, and to encourage them to ultimate self-reliance and self-support.

*Resolved*, That in order the more effectually to enlist ourselves and our brethren in the Home Missionary enterprise, we earnestly recommend the formation of Auxiliary Home Missionary Societies in every Society within the boundaries of this Association.

### WITHDRAWAL FROM THE MINISTRY.

It will be seen by a late number of the Gospel Banner, that Rev. C. C. Burr, has left the ministry. The reasons given for this step may be seen in the following extract from the "Banner."

"He told us expressly that he did not wish to be classed with the Universalist Denomination; for he had not only changed his views and sentiments, in many respects, since he left Portland, but it would be a great pecuniary injury to him to be known as a Universalist Clergyman."

"Besides, Br. B. told others substantially the same, in regard to this matter, that he did me,—as they inform me. He did not consider himself a preacher, though, occasionally, he had supplied desks to accommodate others; not preaching sermons, or using texts, by the way; but repeating some of his Lyceum Lectures,—such as were most appropriate to the purpose."

### BR. LEAVITT

Will pardon the delay in publishing his notices. His letter was overlooked. They ought to have appeared two weeks ago, but in the multitude of business and the midst of a new arrangement, the delay has occurred. We will try and do better in future. We shall be glad to hear from Br. L. as a correspondent, and we thank him for the interest he manifests in regard to the paper. He will appreciate the motive which we have in declining to publish his letter, when we say that we do not desire to commence a controversy which, in our view, would be unprofitable. The notice of J. R. L. has escaped us, not having seen the "Guardian."



## REV. Z. COOK'S CARD.

We have received an article from a friend, in reply to the above named card, inserted in this paper a week or two since, and reflecting in very severe terms upon Mr. Cook's deportment, while in charge of the Society with which he was last connected. As the insertion of the article in question might lead to a personal controversy of no profit to any one, and as we stand pledged to avoid everything of the kind in our columns we must decline giving it an insertion.

## REMOVALS.

Br. David Leavitt has removed from Belville, Canada West, to Bloomfield C. W. to which place he desires that all letters intended for him be addressed.

Br. Varnum Lincoln, has received and accepted an invitation to take the pastoral charge of the Society in West Townsend, Mass.

Br. E. A. Eaton has removed from Newburyport to Cambridge port Mass., and desires to be addressed accordingly.

Br. J. S. Lee, has removed to Lebanon, N. Y., and desires all communications intended for him, to be directed accordingly.

## Miscellaneous Department.

## MISSIVE.

BY MISS ALICE CAREY.

Know thou this truth, which the creeds cannot smother,  
Wherever man is found, there is thy brother,  
God his blest sire is, Earth, is his mother—

Where most degraded, thy zeal most increases;  
Aid him and help him, till, ceasing to falter,  
He shall come up to Humanity's altar,

"Bearing white blocks for the city of Peace."

Shrink not away from the common and lowly—  
Good deeds, though never so humble, are holy;  
And though the recompense falls to thee slowly,

Heroes unnumbered before thee have trod;  
By the sweet light of their blessed example,  
Work on—the field of love's labor is ample—  
Trusting Humanity, trusting in God!

Fight down the Wrong, howe'er specious its bearing,  
Lighten the burdens about thee by sharing,  
Fear not the glorious peril of daring,

Be it the rack or the prison's dull bars;  
Hands are stretched out from the graves of past ages,  
To brighten with holy deeds history's pages—  
Martyr-fires burn as intensely as stars.

Never sit down by the way-side to sorrow—  
Hope is a good angel, whence we may borrow  
Beauty and gladness and light for the morrow,

However dark be the present with ill;  
And the far waves of Time's sorrowful river,  
Wandering and weary and moaning forever,  
Break on the Rock of Eternity still.

## THE EYE.

The following beautiful description of the human eye is found in an excellent work, of "Arnott's Physics." It will be read, we trust with pleasure and profit.

But this miracle of light would have been totally useless, and the lovely paradise of earth would have

been to man still a dark and dreary desert, had there not been the twin miracle of an organ of commensurate delicacy to perceive the light, viz., of the *eye*—in which there is the round cornea of such perfect transparence, placed exactly in the anterior centre of the ball, (and elsewhere it had been useless) then exactly behind this the beautiful curtain the iris, with its pupil dilating and contracting to suit the intensity of light—and exactly behind this again, the crystalline lens, having many qualities which only complex structure in human art can attain, and by the entering light forming on the retina beautiful pictures and images of the objects in front, the most sensible part of the retina being where the images fall. Of these parts and conditions, had any one been otherwise than it is, the whole eye had been useless, and light useless, and the great universe useless to man, for he could not have existed in it. Then farther, we find that the precious organ the eye, is placed not as if by accident, somewhere near the centre of the person, but aloft on a proud eminence, where it becomes the glorious watch tower of the soul: and again not so that to alter its direction, the whole person must turn, but in the head, which on a pivot of admirable structure, moves while the body is at rest; the ball of the eye, moreover, being furnished with muscles which as the will directs, turn it with the rapidity of lightning to sweep round the horizon, or to take in the whole heavenly concave; then is the delicate orb secured in a strong socket of bone, and there is over this the arched eyebrow as a cushion, to destroy the shock of blows, and with its inclined hairs to turn aside the descending perspiration which might incommode; then there is the soft and pliant eyelid, with its beauteous fringes, incessantly wiping the polished surface, and spreading over it the pure moisture poured out by the lachrymal glands above, of which moisture the superfluity, by a fine mechanism, is sent into the nose, there to be evaporated by the current of the breath: still further, instead of there being only one so precious organ, there are two, lest one by accident should be destroyed, but which two have so entire sympathy, that they act together as only one more perfect, then the sense of sight continues perfect during the period of growth from birth to maturity, although the distance from the lens to the retina is constantly varying; and the pure liquid which fills the eye, if rendered turbid by disease or accident, is by the actions of life, although its source by the thick red blood, gradually restored to transparency. The mind, which can suppose or admit that within any limits of time, even a single such organ of vision could have been produced by accident, or without design,—and still more, that the millions which now exist on earth, all equally perfect, can have sprung from accident—or that the millions of millions in the past ages were all but accidents—and that the endless millions throughout the animate creation, where each requires a most peculiar fitness to the nature and circumstances of the animal, can be accident, must surely be of extraordinary character, or must have received unhappy bias in its education."

**EVIL SPEAKING.**—That you may not speak ill of any, do not delight to hear ill of them. Give no countenance to busy-bodies, who are running from house to house and love to talk of other men's faults. Those who delight to hear ill of others, will soon fall into the habit of speaking ill of them. When busy-bodies run out of matter of fact, they will soon resort to conjecture and idle stories to please those who are fond of hearing others spoken against. Such characters are common nuisances, often destroy good neighborhoods and the fellowship of old friends. If we endeavor in good earnest to mind ourselves, we shall find work enough, and but little time to talk to others.



## TIME AND THE TRAVELLER.

## AN APOLOGUE.

A traveller, contemplating the ruins of Babylon, stood with folded arms, and amid the surrounding stillness thus expressed the thoughts which the scene inspired: "Where, oh, where is Babylon the great, with her impregnable walls and gates of brass, her frowning towers and her pensile gardens? Where are her luxurious palaces and her crowded thoroughfares? The stillness of death has succeeded to the active bustle and joyous hilarity of her multitudinous population—scarcely a trace of her former magnificence remains, and her hundreds of thousands of inhabitants, have long been sleeping the sleep of death in unknown and unmarked graves! Here thou hast been busy, O Time, thou mighty destroyer."

The traveller having finished his soliloquy, there appeared before him a venerable person of mild aspect, who thus accosted him:

"Traveller, I am Time, whom thou hast called the mighty destroyer, and to whose ruthless sway thou hast attributed the melancholy desolation which is here spread out to the view. In this charge thou hast wronged me. Mortals have mistaken my character and office. In their pictorial representation, I am always exhibited as wielding a scythe, as if my only purpose was to mark my way with havoc. But behold me! although aged, my step has the elasticity of youth; my hands grasp no instrument of destruction; my countenance expresses no fierce and cruel passions. Deeds of devastation are wrongfully attributed to me, and here I appear to vindicate my name. Since this beautiful world sprung from chaos, I have lent my aid to perpetuate its beauty, and to impart happiness to its inhabitants. My reign has been mild and preservative. I have marked the course of the sun, the moon, and the stars, and during the thousands of years in which they have rolled in mighty expanse, I have diminished nought of their lustre—they shine as bright and as sweetly, they move on their course as harmoniously as they did when the world was in its infancy. Look at the everlasting hills; they stand as proud and as permanently as they did when they rose up at the command of their mighty Creator. Contemplate the ocean in its ceaseless ebb and flow; I have not diminished its mighty resources. But the works of man you will say are corroded by my touch, and the beauty and life of man flee before my approach. Even in this you wrong me. I have witnessed the rise and fall of empires, and have seen countless generations of men pass from the stage of human life, but in neither case have I hastened their doom. Sin has been the great destroyer—the vices of men have scattered desolation over the fair face of creation. The thousands who have fallen on that battle field have not fallen by my hand; the scattered ruins of these once mighty cities whose memorial has nearly perished, have not been strewn by my hand but by the hands of earthly conquerors, who have trodden down in their march of conquest the palaces of the rich and the hovels of the poor. The great works of man originating in pride, have been subverted by folly and cruelty. Cities once proud, populous and magnificent, have utterly disappeared, not by the operation of time, but in the conflicts of men, and in the execution of the just judgments of God.

"Most diseases derive their origin or virulence from human vice or folly, and wars resulting from the lusts of men, swell the lists of the dead. Many a furrow is marked on the brow of man, which is attributed to Time, in which Time has had no agency; and many totter to the grave who go there prematurely, and not by the weight of years. Men once lived nearly a thousand years, and now they seldom fulfil three score years and

ten. It is not because I am now more emphatically a destroyer, but because their sins and follies have curtailed the term of their existence. Even the works of men in ancient days, might have still stood to be gazed upon if no other influence than mine had been exerted. The stones of Jerusalem's Temple are no longer recognized but they might now have occupied their place in the glorious structure, had not God otherwise decreed in punishment of man's sins. Look at the Pyramids of Egypt; there they still stand, the lofty and strong monuments of former ages; I have merely effaced the names of their vain glorious builders. Traveller! I am not a mighty destroyer. I am the friend of man; I afford him precious opportunities; I mitigate his severest woes; I afford him seed-time and harvest, summer and winter in agreeable vicissitude; let him be virtuous; let him perfectly obey the high behests of God his Maker and Redeemer, and then it will no longer be said I mar his works." The venerable personage disappeared when he had thus spoken, and the traveller mentally acknowledging the justice of his vindication, pursued his travels, to mark with greater discrimination the wide-spread desolation which had been brought into the world by human crime."

## WONDERS OF GEOLOGY.

More than nine thousand different animals have been changed into stone. The races are general, and more than half of those are now extinct, not being at present known in a living state upon the earth. From the remains of some of these ancient animals, they must have been larger than any living animals now known in the earth.

The Megatherium, from a skeleton, nearly perfect, now in the museum at Madrid, was perfectly colossal. With a neck like a Sloth, its legs and feet exhibit the character of an Armadillo and the Ant-eater. Its fore feet were a yard in length, and more than twelve inches wide, terminated by gigantic claws. Its thigh bone was nearly three times as thick as that of the elephant, and its tail (nearest the body) six feet in circumference. Its tusks were admirably adapted for cutting vegetable substances, and its general structure and strength were intended to fit it for digging in the ground for roots, on which it principally fed.—*Buckland*

## MARRIED LIFE.

Deceive not one another in small things nor in great. One little single lie has, before now, disturbed a whole married life. A small cause has often, great consequences. Fold not your arms together and sit idle. "Laziness is the devil's cushion." Do not run much from your home. One's own health is of more worth than gold. Many a marriage, my friend, begins like a rosy morning, and then falls away like a snow wreath. And why? Because the married pair neglect to be as well pleased with each other after marriage as before. Endeavor always, my children, to please one another; but, at the same time, keep God in your thoughts. Lavish not all your love on to-day; for, remember that marriage has its to-morrow, and its day after to-morrow too. "Spare, as we may say, fuel for the winter." Consider, my daughter, what the word wife expresses. The married woman is the husband's domestic faith. In her hands he must be able to confide house and family—be able to entrust her with the key of his heart, as well as the key of his eating room. His honor and his home are under her keeping—his well-being is in her hands. Think of this! And ye sons, ye fathers of families. Act so that your wives shall esteem and love you.—[Frederica Bremer.]



## EXCESSIVE POLITENESS.

Rowland Hill was always annoyed when there happened to be any noise in the chapel, or when anything occurred to divert the attention of his hearers from what he was saying. On one occasion, a few days before his death he was preaching to one of the most crowded congregations that ever assembled to hear him. In the middle of his discourse, he observed a commotion in the gallery. For some time he took no notice of it, but finding it increasing, he paused in his sermon, and looking in the direction in which the confusion prevailed he exclaimed.

"What's the matter there? The devil seems to have got among you."

A plain country-looking man immediately started to his feet, and addressing Mr. Hill in reply, said,

"No sir, it ar'n't the devil as is doing it; it's a fat lady wot's fainted; and she's a werry fat 'un, sir, as don't seem likely to come to agin in a hurry."

"Oh, that's it, is it? observed Mr. Hill, drawing his hand across his chin; "then I beg the lady's pardon—and the devil's too."

**THE ELDEST DAUGHTER.**—The deportment of the eldest children of the family is of great importance to the younger. Their obedience or insubordination operates throughout the whole circle. Especially in the situation of the eldest daughter, one of eminence. She drank the first draught of the mother's love. She usually enjoys much of her counsel and companionship. In her absence she is the natural viceroy. Let the mother take double pains to form her on a correct model: to make her amiable, diligent, domestic, pious; trusting that the image of those virtues may leave an impression on the soft waxen hearts of the younger ones, to whom she may, in the providence of God be called to fill the place of maternal guide.

## GOLD.

As every thing pertaining to the *Gold Regions* is interesting at this time, we gather the following from the valuable Dictionary of Arts, Manufactures and Mines, by Andrew Ure, M. D;

"Gold is found only in the metallic state; and the small grains are not fragments broken from a greater mass, as many suppose; but their flattened oval shape, and rounded outline, show that this is their original form. It never predominates to such a degree as to constitute veins by itself. It is either disseminated, or, as it were impasted in strong masses, or spread out in thin plates or grains on their surface, or fastly implanted in their crevices, under the shape of filaments or chrystalized twigs.

"It has never been observed in any secondary formation, but pretty abundantly in its true and primary locality, among the trap rocks of igneous origin, implanted on the sides of the fissures, or disseminated in the veins.

"Gold is much more common in alluvial grounds than among primitive rocks. It is found in spangles, in the silicious, agrillaceous and ferruginous sands of certain plains and rivers; and very many, even at this time, suppose that if the sands of the rivers contain grains of gold the mountains whence the rivers spring must be full of it. Many have sought, in vain for the native bed of this metal.

"It is obvious that the gold in the sands of rivers belongs to the grounds through which they glide, from the following observations: 1. The soil of these plains contains, frequently, at a certain depth, and in many spots spangles of gold, separable by washing. 2. It happens almost always, that gold is found among the sands

of rivers, only in a very circumscribed space. On ascending these rivers their sands cease to afford gold; though did this metal come from the rocks above, it should be found more abundantly near the source.

It has also been remarked, that the gold of alluvial formations is more pure than that extracted from rocks.

"Gold is distinguished by its splendid yellow color; its great density; its pre-eminent ductility and malleability, whence it can be beat into leaves only 282,000th of an inch thick. It is insoluble in any acid, except the mixture of muriatic and nitric acid, styled by the Alchemists, *Aqua Regia*, because gold was deemed by them to be the king of metals."

## Youth's Department.

JAMES LUMBARD, EDITOR.

## GENTLENESS.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

If thou hast crushed a flower,

The root may not be blighted.

If thou hast quenched a lamp,

Once more it may be lighted;

But on thy heart, or on thy lute,

The string which thou hast broken,

Shall never in sweet sound again

Give to thy touch a token!

If thou hast loosed a bird,

Whose voice of song could cheer thee,

Still, still he may be won

From the skies to warble near thee;

But if upon the troubled sea

Thou hast thrown a gem unheeded,

Hope not that the wind or wave shall bring

The treasure back when needed!

If thou hast bruised a vine,

The summer's breath is healing,

And its cluster yet may glow

Thro' the leaves their bloom revealing,

But if thou hast a cup o'er thrown

With a bright draught filled—oh, never

Shall the earth give back that lavished wealth

To cool thy parched lip's fever!

The heart is like that cup,

If thou waste the love it bore thee,

And like that jewel gone,

Which the deep will not restore thee;

And like that string of harp or lute

Whence the sweet sound is scattered—

Gently, oh, gently, touch the chords,

So soon forever shattered!

Original.

## TRUE COURAGE.

BY BR. JAMES.

One clear cold day in Winter, a number of boys were skating on a small pond. The air was pure and elastic, and they were having delightful fun playing tag. While thus engaged, one accidentally hit another's foot, which caused him to fall. Charles Foster, for this was his name was not injured in the least by falling, and quickly sprang



up ready again for play. But the boys began to gather around him, asking if he was hurt. "Oh no!" said he, "it is not worth minding."

"I would not stand that," said Henry Hubbard. "I'd give him something for tripping me up, which he would not soon forget."

"But" replied Charles, "James Seward did not intend to do it. It was merely an accident, and we should overlook it. Even if he designed hurting me, I should not feel willing to fight with him for it. Two wrongs, you know never made one right, and we are told to overcome evil with good."

"Coward! coward!" said Henry, and he pointed his finger at him in derision. Charles looked at him, his face turned red, and a tear stood in his large dark eye. "Don't call me a coward, Henry Hubbard! If there is anything in the world that I pity, 'tis a coward. I am afraid of nothing but a wrong action."

Well then "rejoined Henry" if you are not a coward why don't you fight him? You know he tripped you up and might have hurt you badly. Let him know that you don't mean to put up with such things from any one, and perhaps he'll learn better manners."

"Yes" said James Seward, "let him come on, if he wants to fight me. I am ready for him at any time, I know I did not mean to do it, but if he thinks he can whip me, he'd better try it. That's all I've got to say. I dare him to fight me," saying which he drew back straightened up, his eyes flashing defiance, and his fists "doubled up" ready to repel any attack that Charles might make.

Just at this moment a gentleman who had been watching them, stepped up, and asked Charles why he would not fight the other boy? "I wish to know the reason," said he. The boys all remained quiet, while Charles answered the gentleman's question. "They are trying to get me to fight, sir, and I will not do it, because it is a wicked thing. I will not fight if they do call me a coward."

"You are in the right, my noble boy" said the gentleman, "If you were to fight with that boy, you would really demean yourself, and show that you are more afraid of the taunts and sneers of your companions, than you are of breaking the laws of God. It is better, and more honorable, to submit to ridicule, and injustice, with meekness, than to seek revenge by fighting. This is the manner in which beasts and brutes, who have no reason, settle their disputes. The strongest is always sure to come off victor, though he chance to be the aggressor. But you, my boys have reason, and you know right from wrong. It is hard to be called a coward, and to bear the insults and indignities of the unfeeling and cruel. But remember that, 'he that ruleth his spirit, is greater than he that taketh a city.'"

The boys listened to these remarks as though they understood, and meant to profit by them. After the gentleman had gone, they resumed their play, and were soon as much engaged as though nothing had happened.

It was quite late in the afternoon, and the boys were now preparing to go home. James Seward was walking aside from the others, on a part of the pond where the ice was not thick enough to support him. It broke and he fell through into the water. Now, the pond was quite shallow and there was not a boy there, except perhaps a few of the smallest, who could not easily ford it, when unfrozen. But James was fearful, and a sudden, and unexpected plunge into the cold water frightened him well nigh out of his senses. He screamed very loudly, said he was drowning, and called on Henry Hubbard to help him out. But Henry only looked on, nearly as much scared as his unfortunate comrade. Charles saw how matters stood jumped in without waiting to be called upon, and kept James upon his feet till his

terror had in a measure subsided, and then assisted him in walking to a place where they could get out.

James had doubtless been drowned had it not been for the timely assistance of Charles. He would not have had presence of mind and strength enough to have found his way out alone, or even to have kept his footing in the water till some one came to assist him.

"I now understand fully," said he, after recovering somewhat from his fright, "how a boy may be a coward enough to refuse to fight with another, and yet have courage enough to save his enemy from drowning.—Charles, your cowardice is no disgrace, but your bravery is truly noble. I hope I may never forget the lesson you have taught me to-day."

#### PIETY *vs.* POVERTY.

It is related that a poor beggar boy once asked a rich prelate for charity, and received a piece of mouldy bread. While he was satisfying his hunger upon this dry morsel, the priest inquired of him concerning his spiritual state.

"Can you say the creed?" says he.

"No."

"Can you repeat the Lord's prayer?"

"No."

"Well, then, that, at least, I will teach you. Say after me—Our Father—"

"What! *Our* Father?"

"Yes."

"Yours, as well as mine?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Why, then, we are brethren."

"Yes."

"Why, then, did you give me this old, dry, mouldy crust of bread?"—*Youths Friend.*

#### THE SEVEN CHILDREN.

The following beautiful gem is from the German of Krummacker.

Early in the morning, as the day began to dawn, the devoted father of a family arose with his wife from their couch, and thanked God for the new day and for their refreshing slumber.

But the red glow of morning beamed into the little chamber where their seven children lay in their beds and slept.

They gazed at the children one by one, and the mother said, "They are seven in number; alas! it will go hard for us to find them food." Thus sighed the mother, for there was a famine in the land.

But the father smiled, and said, "See, do they not lie there, all the seven? And they have all red cheeks, and the beams of the morning stream over them, so that they appear lovelier than ever, like seven blooming roses. Mother, that shows us that He who creates the morning and sends us sleep, is true and unchangeable."

And as they stepped from the chamber, they saw at the door fourteen shoes in a row, growing smaller and smaller, two by two, a pair for each child. The mother gazed at them, and when she saw that there were so many she wept.

But the father said, "Mother why dost thou weep? Have not all the seven received sound and active feet? Why then should we be anxious about that which covereth them? If the children have confidence in us, should we not have confidence in Him who can do more than we can comprehend."

"See, His sun rises! Come then, like it let us begin our day's work with a cheerful countenance."

Thus they spoke, and toiled at their labors, and God blessed the work of their hands, and they had enough



and to spare, they and their seven children, for faith gives strength and courage, and love elevates the soul.—*Youth's Friend*.

### RECOGNITION.

How d'ye do, Mr. Jones—how d'ye do? said a young swell yesterday, with more beard than brains, to an old glossy-faced gentleman, who stood behind a pair of gold-mounted spectacles, and whose locomotion was assisted by a gold headed bamboo cane.

"Excuse me, my good sir—excuse me," said the old man in a falsetto voice—"but you have an advantage of me."

My name is Kid, sir—Kid," said whiskerando, "you remember Thomas Kid—Tommy, you used to call him—don't you?"

"Bless my soul, yes, and so I do," said the old man—"I remember little Tommy Kid sure enough, and how do you do now, Mr. Goat?"

"Kid, sir, Kid—not Goat!" said Thomas peevishly.

Ah, true you were kid then, Tommy," said the old gentleman, "but I perceive by the quantity of hair on your chin, that you since have become a goat!"

Tommy stroked his beard with his fingers, and went off without bidding Mr. Jones good bye.

## Agricultural Department.

### ASHES ON GRASS.

S. R. Gray of Salem, N. Y., sowed in the autumn of 1845, 25 bushels of unleached ashes on two acres of meadow, on a western hill side which had been mown for thirty years. The crop of hay was increased from half a ton per acre, to a ton, and the second year to a ton and a quarter.

### REMARKABLE COWS.

The most remarkable cow of which we have account, for the production of butter, is the "Cramp cow," so called, owned by a man of the name of Cramp, in Lewes, England; she was of the Sussex breed, and was calved in 1799. For five years, from 1805 to 1810, she produced of butter, from 450 to 675 pounds per year; the latter quantity was afforded in fifty-one weeks and four days, from April 6th, 1807, to April 4th, 1808. The greatest quantity of butter she afforded in one week was eighteen pounds; and the greatest quantity of milk she afforded in any one day, was twenty quarts.

Another remarkable cow in this respect was the "Oaks cow," of Massachusetts; nothing was known of her blood—She was bought out of a drove when she was young. Caleb Oaks, of Danvers, owned her while the greatest quantity of butter was made from her. In 1813 she made 180 lbs., in 1814, 300, in 1815, 400, and in 1816, 484 1-4 lbs. The greatest quantity of butter made in any one week, was 19 1-4 pounds, and the greatest quantity of milk she gave in any one day, was 18 quarts. Mr. Josiah Quincy, sen., bought her after this trial by Mr. Oaks, but she never afforded so large a yield of butter after she passed into Mr. Q.'s hands, though she gave 16 pounds per week, and her milk was of such extraordinary richness that five quarts of it frequently afforded a pound of butter.—*Boston Transcript*.

### RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

Br. J. H. Harter will preach at Herkimer the 3d Sunday inst. At Herkimer Hill in the evening of the same day.

Br. D. Skinner will preach at Fort plain the 3d Sunday. 18th inst., and Br. McNeal will supply his place at Holland Patent, &c.

Br. J. S. Palmer will preach in Bridgewater, the third Sunday inst., at the usual hours. His appointment in Perth is recalled.

### MARRIAGES.

In Deerfield, on the 21st ult., by Rev. D. Skinner, Mr. Harvey Camp bell to Miss Lucinda B. Tucker, both of Frankfort.

Also, Mr. Lemuel C. Wells, to Miss Nancy L. Tallman.

Also, Mr. Jeremiah G. Tallman to Miss Mary E. Wells, all of Schuyler.

Also, by the same, March 6th, Mr. Lyman Wilcox, to Miss Angeline Angell, both of Little Falls.

In Salisbury, Herkimer Co., March 1st, by Rev. J. H. Harter, of Little Falls, A. B. Westcott, M. D., to Miss C. Ermina Byington, b. th of Salisbury.

In Southold, L. I., on the 29th J. nuary, by the Rev. J. K. Ingalls, Mr. Nathaniel Boisseau, to Miss Hannah Booth, daughter of the late John Booth all of the above place.

On Tuesday, 31st Oct., in Athol, Prince Edward District, Canada West, by Rev. D. Leavitt, Mr. Daniel Y. Dyer, to Miss Sarah Herd Towneend, all of Athol; and on the same day, by the same, Mr. Daniel P. Haight of Hillier, to Miss Mary Albina Conden, of Athol.

### DEATHS.

In Bainbridge Chenango, County, N. Y., on the 18th of Feb., after a painful illness of two weeks, Betsey, daughter of James Johnston, Esq., aged 27 years.

There were circumstances connected with the above recorded death, that rendered it peculiarly affecting. The triumphant power of her faith as death approached renders it worthy of record. She not only enjoyed the love and esteem of an extensive circle of acquaintance, but from the amiability of her disposition, her discreet deportment and habits of industry, won the love and esteem of all. She was just on the eve of marriage; the day after her funeral was to have been the day of her wedding. While her friends were around her in tears, she was calm and exhorted them to fortitude and submission. She enjoyed her reason to the last moments of life. Frequently did she express her readiness to die—may her desire to depart, and her strong faith in a blissful hereafter, not for herself alone, but for all the world. There she expected to meet the loved ones around her, where no death pangs could be felt, and where the sorrows of the heart would be soothed by the bliss of heaven, and no parting should ever be known.

May the blissful faith she felt impart its consoling influence to all the numerous friends left behind her.

A. P.

### New-York Cattle Market...Tuesday, Feb. 26.

At market 1,400 Beef Cattle, (800 Southern, remainder this State,) 35 Cows and Calves, and 2,500 Sheep and Lambs.

**BEEF CATTLE.**—The market on the whole has been rather dull since our last report. The range of prices is a little wider, but there is no reduction worth mentioning on good Cattle. Sales at from \$6 to \$9 per cwt. A few pair of extra are reported as high as \$10. [There were two pair of remarkably fine Cattle in the yard—one pair raised by Royal Canfield, Esq., of Litchfield Co., Conn.—the other by John Preston of Dutchess Co. this State. They were purchased by Wm. H. Conner of Fulton-market, at 12 1-2 cts. per lb.]

**COWS AND CALVES.**—Sold at from \$20 to \$30a\$42 50. 15 left over.

**SHEEP AND LAMBS.**—At \$2 to \$3 50a5 50, as in quality. Left over 200.

### NEW-YORK MARKET—WHOLESALE PRICES.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

#### PROVISIONS.

Flour, per bbl.,	\$5.50a6 12	Beef, mess, per. bbl.	12a13
Wheat, Genesee, bush.,	1 34	" Prime, "	\$7 50a8 00
" Western, " 1 05a1 15		Lard, per lb.,	6 1 2
Indian Meal, per bbl.,	2 88	Cheese, "	6 1-2a7 1-2
Corn, round, per bush.,	61a62	Butter, Orange Co. dairy,	20a25
" mixed, "	53a55	" Western "	16a18
" New Orleans, "	45a47	" Ohio Common,	10a12
Rye, "	65	Salt, Turks' Island, bush.,	21
Oats, "	41a42	" L'pool grnd, sack, 1 02a1 05	
Pork, Mess, per bbl., 10 50a10 75		" " fine, " 1 20a1 35	
" Prime, "	\$9 88	Wool, pulled and fleece,	23a 36

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

Hay, pressed, per 100 lbs.	50a56	Timothy Seed, tierce,	17a18
Hops, per lb.,	9a10	Clover " per lb.,	6a6 3-4
Feathers, live American,	37 1-2	Flax, rough, in bulk, per	
Flax, per lb.,	9	bushel,	1 20a1 22